

## The Critic

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### Authors at Home.

THE second of the series of articles which we are publishing under the above title will appear in the next number of THE CRITIC—November 22. 'John Burroughs at Esopus' will be the subject. The sketch is written by Roger Riordan.

### Edgar Allan Poe.

THE war of words waged over the intellectual proportions of the giants of song is not heard long or far. It makes but a trifling noise beside the tumult which goes on in the nursery over the first new trousers, in the parlor over the turn in Adolphus's mustache, or in the political field over the Katy-did and Katy-didn't vociferations of candidates. But while it is confined to a narrow arena, and heard by a few only with very serious interest, those few are quite sure that a page of enduring history is being made, and that the color of that page depends on the windy passions of the bystanders. It is not so. History takes small note of the human voice, which dies away with the next round of hills. The shouters are but briefly recorded. Shakspeare is not known and honored because a number of men have got red in the face attacking or defending him; Walt Whitman will go down to history, if he goes at all, by what he has done and sung, and by nothing else; and Edgar Poe will have the same choice of fate. His position as a man-of-letters was hit pretty squarely many a time during his life by his contemporaries, and it is the business of the biographer now to clear away the fancies from the facts of his life, so that the few hundred, or few thousand, readers who feel inclined to turn over the leaves of his work may understand the connection between his work and his temper. This historical clearing away of fancies was one of the excellences contributed by Mr. Stoddard in the introductory Life of Poe printed in an earlier edition of Poe's works, and reproduced in the new edition of those works just issued by A. C. Armstrong & Son. The fresh contribution now made by the same writer consists in a brief critical estimate of Poe's genius, valuable because it comes from an essentially poetic mind, which can be severe, but is particularly open to generous sympathies. If the tone of this criticism is not always up to the shrill key which some of the worshippers of Poe have made their own, it is certainly much higher than would suit the sense of many stern moralists in life and purists in literary expression.

Poe was a man hard-driven by his inherited temper, and hard-pressed by his external conditions. Between his genius and his passions he had a hard time of it to elude the hounds. The sportful antics of the pursued were soon subdued by the deep-mouthed baying of his pursuers. Mr. Stoddard furnishes the material by which we may judge the character of the chase, and get at the agony of the close of it. We see enough to justify the mingled fear and respect which characterized the attitude of literature toward Poe forty years ago; enough to make us quite

willing to repose in the music of his voice, and to make no further effort to get at his book of acts or of thoughts. No one can read long in the fictions and criticisms that make up nine-tenths of these six volumes without being impressed with the ingenuity of Poe's mind and the later and growing emptiness of his heart, the grotesque tendency of his imagination, and its total lack of the bias of humanity. He feeds the intellect with puzzles and conundrums, with giants and demons, suited to the region of the nursery, or with distorted intellects and passions where miasmatic exhalations indicate the neighborhood of the mad-house. He plays tricks with our fears, conjures up evil spirits, bodiless shades—

Fierce anthropophagi,  
Spectres, diabolii,  
What scared Saint Antony,  
Hobgoblins, lemures,  
Dreams of antipodes,  
Night-riding incubi  
Troubling the fantasy.

But he has no power of lifting his creations, as Hawthorne did, into spiritual regions, for us to admire, or bringing them home to our bosoms as beings whom we might love or hate. His persons are mental images with machinery, who go through their movements with precise regularity—impelled, at best, by electricity, never animated by human feelings. When he is not framing puzzles, he is manufacturing nightmares. The ingenuity of the artist is not to be questioned; his power in the grotesque amounts to a genius. We marvel at his cleverness, and if we are still children, we shudder at his demons, or at their devilry; but as grown men, with minds formed, and hearts educated, we are never drawn to sympathize with any of his creatures. Hawthorne could make us suffer at the possible reality of his personified sins. From the moment we enter his workshop we fall under his spell, yield ourselves to his charm, his grace of manner, his subtle intuition, his spiritual reach. He has his finger on all our embryo passions, and makes us a party, by all our possibilities, to the creation he is working. But with Poe's machinery we find ourselves not a whit connected. He has touched in us nothing that is not touched by an ingeniously contrived puppet-show. We recognize no subjective relation between ourselves and the performance; we are wholly outside of it. We see, clap our hands, pay for the spectacle, and wonder if the showman likes the business. Poe was himself a man of passion, or of morbid fancies at least, but he scarcely created anything of real passion. The heart dies out in its capacity for loving and hating, and the intellect takes its place. The imagination is given full rein, and toward the end is whipped and spurred to make it keep its paces.

This is our feeling as to Poe's prose, as we read tale after tale; and a similar sense grows on us as we read the poems in their historical order. After the first great spurt, we feel that a conscious effort is being made through stimulants and whip to produce another. The efforts are only half successful; the effect of the stimulants is soon exhausted, and the power passes away. And yet that first spurt was splendid, and the promise of it was never quite equalled in the annals of American poetry. In the one peculiar gift of a weird imagination Poe was like Coleridge, and 'The Ancient Mariner' is ever in the mind while one is reading his half-dozen attempts to reach the same height. But 'The Ancient Mariner' is a long-sustained flight—never swerving, never drooping; and when we have watched it through, we ask no further evidence to prove the genius of the author. With Poe, on the other hand, we ask at once, when we have read 'The Raven,' or 'The Bells'—Is it a lucky hit? Can it be repeated? If it is genius, is there breadth and strength in the genius? And before we have read the short list of Poe's poems through, we are obliged to answer our own questions pretty much as Mr. Stoddard answers them for himself: 'His mind was neither opulent nor prodigal;

he was acquainted with his resources, and very careful in drawing upon them. They must have been nearly expended before his death.' Imagination is everything in verse—sensitivity to sounds, delicacy of ear, sense of proportion, make it valuable, and give it the only introduction which opens the doors of our good-will and keeps them open. Imagination working on intellectual materials was the one quality which lifted Poe. Experience, a richly-stored memory, a balanced judgment of life, feeling, except in one direction, human sympathy—these play but a very small part in his work. His imagination was powerful for situation and coloring, and the ear had the keenest possible sense of music. But in his attempt to make situations clear and coloring vivid and music pleasing, he everywhere overreaches himself. The strain for musical words made him forget that in verse 'more is meant than meets the ear.' His repetitions, though often exquisitely timed, create at last a sense of mechanism, and, to the ear only ordinarily nice, suggest the workshop. Again, his straining after lurid accessories, at first indicating a morbid condition, ends with betraying a jaded sensibility. Still, with his deep-lying faults, half-a-dozen poems of Poe's earlier life—and the whole life was a short one—stand out so far above the verse of most of his contemporaries, that we do not hesitate to place him among the most striking of American geniuses—a genius narrow, and, as Mr. Stoddard shows, only meagrely productive, but intense, piercing, original—mad.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

### Reviews

#### "The New Physics."\*

IN the discussions which have been carried on so actively of late between the advocates of classical studies and the advocates of scientific studies, the argument has been frequently advanced that, however desirable the pursuit of science may be, and however thorough a course of training for youth may eventually be devised as a basis of a study of scientific subjects, the methods of teaching these subjects are not as well developed at present as those in use in connection with classical subjects, and hence the training furnished by them is imperfect. There is undoubtedly much force in this argument. Professor Trowbridge recognizes it, and has attempted to improve the method of teaching physics by furnishing a guide on a plan differing from those according to which most of the guides in common use are constructed. His book bears the title 'The New Physics,' which signifies merely that it is in accordance with the views held by the leading physicists of the present day. Of course, therefore, the doctrine of the conservation of energy is considered fully, and 'the truth that our knowledge is relative, and that there are not different kinds of forces' is constantly emphasized. In brief, the idea of the author is to put the young student of physics in a physical laboratory, not necessarily an elaborate one furnished with expensive apparatus, at the beginning of his course, and then to keep him experimenting in such ways as will serve to familiarize him with physical phenomena and impress upon his mind the principal physical laws. As the author well says in his preface: 'The literary habit of mind is acquired by long study of language; and the scientific habit or instinct does not require less cultivation than the literary instinct.' Again, 'Mathematical problems in physics have their place in teaching; but physics should not be made a means of teaching mathematics. I have, therefore, substituted experimental problems for the mathematical problems which are usually given in treatises on natural philosophy, in the hope of cultivating the scientific instinct.' Other extracts from the preface might be given which indicate that Professor Trowbridge's ideas in regard to teaching physics in schools are admirable.

We hence turn with heightened expectation to the book

itself in the hope that the long-delayed common-sense book which we can safely put in the hands of our school-teachers and their pupils, in the firm conviction that the usual shortcomings of the former will thereby be somewhat counteracted, has at last arrived, and that we can meet our classical brethren with an air of triumph, wave 'The New Physics' at them, and thus silence them. We are destined, however, to disappointment. We find much that is excellent, indeed there is little that is not so; but in judging of the value of the book we must keep clearly in mind the class of pupils for which it is intended. Though it is nowhere stated distinctly that the book is intended for boys who are beginning the study of physics, it is nevertheless clear that this is the case. Thus, on the title-page we find it described as 'A Manual of Experimental Study for High Schools and Preparatory Schools for College.' While a course of experiments suited to beginners might be selected from those described, the attempt to perform all of them, or to study all the matter given in the text, would inevitably lead to confusion in the mind of the pupils. It would be a profitless undertaking to point out all the details which appear to be unsuited to the general purposes of the book. A few may be specified. On page 23, when the subject of the pressure of the air is first brought to the attention of the pupil, more than a third of a page is given up to a mention of Andrews's experiment on the critical condition of carbonic acid gas. On page 55 the account of force does not appear to be clear. For example, will this statement really help an average boy in a high school? 'We say in general that a force or forces produce motion and a change in motion. We can only study these changes by noticing their rate of change, just as the political economist studies the movement of gold by the rate of exchange.' On pages 57 and 58, in beginning the study of motion the first conception which is impressed on the pupil's mind is expressed in the words: 'We project the actual velocity by perpendiculars upon the line along which we wish to obtain the relative velocity.' Notwithstanding the method adopted for forcing the pupil to this conclusion, we consider that the generalization will amount only to so many words in the precincts of the high-school. Several of the experiments are complex and would certainly have to be omitted in almost all courses, some on account of the character of the apparatus involved, and some because an average boy could not possibly perform them satisfactorily. We doubt, for instance, whether a boy could make much out of the experiments on electric currents described on pages 227-236. It will be observed that the judgment we have expressed is based on the assumption that the book is meant for high-school boys. If it had been intended for students who already have some knowledge of physics, but little fault could be found with it, and indeed we earnestly commend it to the attention of college professors, as they can undoubtedly get many valuable hints from it.

What is needed for the young pupil is a course of simple experiments which clearly bring out such of the fundamental conceptions of physics as can be clearly comprehended by him. If the experiments deal with matters which are beyond his comprehension, or which are not sufficiently explained, they will not serve the purpose for which they are intended, but will tend to develop the habit of routine work, which is not the kind of work needed to cultivate the scientific instinct.

#### Vedder's "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam.\*

THE late Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the quatrains of Omar Khayyam belongs to the category of books which are slow to make their way into the hands of the mass of readers. First published about a dozen years ago, it has gone through about as many editions, without having reached the notice of the general public. It has been read and reread by scholars, critics and poets. It has been, one might

\* The New Physics. By J. Trowbridge. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

\* The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Illustrated by Elihu Vedder. \$25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



say, passed from hand to hand among them, as a good thing, to be appreciated only by the elect. The book's career, so far, has been what that of the original was when it first saw the light in Persia, about the end of the Eleventh Century. Omar's 'Rubaiyat,' we are told, was ill received by his contemporaries, who, being good Moslems, found the verses heretical and irreverent. They offend against the dogmas that are common to Mohammedanism, Judaism and Christianity, but they do so in a way for which the modern world is quite prepared, and the Christian will probably regard Omar's good-natured epicureanism, and the doubts and questionings from which it results, with at least a tolerant eye. Dissent from such dogmas as that of eternal punishment, and materialistic doubts about a future state, are not now so new to us as to shock one as they did a few centuries ago, and Omar's statement of his religious difficulties and of his wish to moderately enjoy the present life since it is all that he can hope for is made with so much modesty and wit, and has been put by the translator into so splendid an English dress, as might gain attention for a much more displeasing philosophy.

But whatever the reason for the strange lack of popularity of the poem, it is now likely to become, on a sudden, as well known as it has hitherto been little known. There is nothing so sure to popularize a book as good illustrations, and seldom has a book been so well or so fully illustrated as this. From cover to cover, every leaf is a picture. The text is surrounded and borne up by magnificent drawings of a size to give free play to the artist's hand, and reproduced by a photographic process which renders in permanent print every touch of the crayon. Whether following the imagery of the poem, or inventing new symbols of his own as striking and as poetical, Mr. Vedder has shown himself worthy of the company in which he is. One may examine many a shelf-full of illustrated editions of books, new and old, without coming upon anything to compare with these drawings for strength and originality of idea and vigor of design. For many of them it may fairly be claimed that they have style; and the work, as a whole, will rank as a *chef d'œuvre*. Mr. Vedder has long been known as a very skilful but somewhat eccentric painter, and it has been intimated that his eccentricity was, in part, affected. However that may be as to former works, there is no trace of affectation and hardly a touch of oddity here. With only one or two exceptions, the drawings give a frank and clear account of themselves. All are somewhat decorative in treatment, and a few contain incidents or accessories that have to be explained in the notes at the end of the volume; but none betray any muddling or hesitancy of thought or of execution such as we have become accustomed to in works of this nature. The designs are of great variety, and include figures, draped and nude, landscapes, animals and still life; but the artist seems to have complete mastery over everything that he has attempted, and, though some drawings are better than others, there is no one of the fifty-six or fifty-seven which does not betray assured knowledge and powers of expression much beyond the common.

One of the most striking pictures is a youthful figure being whirled through space on the ball of Saturn. It illustrates the lines:

Up from Earth's centre through the Seventh Gate  
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,  
And many a Knot unravelled by the Road;  
But not the Master-Knot of Human Fate.  
There was the Door to which I found no key;  
There was the Veil through which I could not see;  
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee  
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.  
Earth could not answer, nor the Seas that mourn  
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn,  
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his signs revealed  
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

A drawing equally fine, of a handsome young woman half

reclining near a flower-wreathed sun-dial, goes with verses of a very different import:

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring  
Your Winter garment of Repentance fling;  
The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing.

The declaration that a jug of wine and a book of verses and an idle day in the strip of verdure—No Man's Land—that divides the desert from the cultivated soil, 'were Paradise enough,'—the verses of the Blowing Rose and of the Lions and Lizards in the ruins of Jamshid's palace,—each is set in a drawing as remarkable as the words. A litter of books with a skull and pictures or visions of saints, all tangled up in cobwebs, illustrate Omar's appraisal of theologians and philosophers. The scientist is treated little better, by poet or artist. He is represented as killing a plant by inches with noxious liquids, the fumes of which he is careful not to breathe, covering his mouth with the end of his mantle; and spending his life in the vain pursuit of the knowledge of what life is. Another turn of Omar's thought is shown in a winged figure of the Potter—clay with a soul in it—who listens as the commoner clay that he is pounding—*itself* (according to Omar) containing the remnant of some human soul—murmurs 'with its all obliterated tongue' a request to be stricken gently. Omar returns to the Potter's shop a little later and hears the shapen vessels disputing about matters important to pots and men. This episode, which reminds one of the best efforts of the old fabulists, is illustrated with four magnificent designs.

But we would have to fill every page of THE CRITIC to give a proper account of this wonderful book. Many of the drawings it were impossible to describe succinctly, and all of them are full of details the least of which has a meaning and a place in the composition. For beauty of line and for sentiment the last is one of the best, where the Cup-bearer, as directed by Omar, turns down an empty cup, when, at the feast, she comes to the place which was his. If the old Persian, in spite of his doubts, is now aware of what is going on on earth, he must be highly gratified to find his place still marked, and with a work so artistic as this.

#### The Odyssey in Rhythmic Prose.\*

THE delightful story of the Odyssey possesses an inexhaustible freshness. Its author (if we abandon a multiple authorship) was one of the many Hans Andersens of antiquity, telling his marvellous tale in a way that enchanted countless generations, and speeding it on down to our time in winged words that will never lose their buoyancy. Whether he was improvisatore or rhapsode, whether his medium was originally leaping hexameter or swimming iamb, whether he was a Snorre compiling a Greek Edda, or a poet stringing the innumerable lays of early Greece on a shining thread that shot straight to Troy, we know not and we care not. The beautiful story is there, with all its passion and its strangeness, its volubility, its cunning, and its eloquence. It is thronged with pictures and poems; it is projected upon its own lovely Mediterranean Sea with matchless clearness and distinctness; and it brings back to us a rich vision of Greek legendary civilization such as we shall hunt for in vain in any other records. We cannot have too much of it, nor can it be translated too often. We had indeed the honeyed version of Worsley, the brilliant version of Butcher and Lang, the rhymeless version of Bryant, the anonymous anapests of 'Avia'—nay, exactly twenty versions, from that of Chapman in 1615 to that of 'Avia' in 1880; but none of these was perfectly satisfactory; all nibbled at the original more or less successfully. Chapman, Ogilby, Hobbes, Pope, Cowper, Sotheby, Norgate, Musgrave,

\* The Odyssey of Homer. Books I.-XII. Greek and English Text. By G. H. Palmer. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Edgington, Bryant, Barnard, Schomberg and Du Cane translated in iambics (couplet rhyme, alternate rhyme, or blank verse, as the case might be). Henry Carey (1823), T. H. Buckley (1851), and Butcher and Lang (1879) tried the vehicle of prose. Alford in 1861 attempted hendecasyllabics; Worsley in 1861 the Spenserian stanza; 'Avia' in 1880 a couplet rhyme of six anapests. No one struck on the fortunate idea of Prof. Palmer of Harvard, whose version in rhythmic prose, with the Greek text on the opposite page, now lies before us.

The workmanship of the twelve books which Prof. Palmer has undertaken to translate is thorough, admirable, and musical. There is the throb, without the jingle, of verse. His bright and pleasant English, dogged by an omnipresent Greek text, to which the hypercritical or the fastidious reader is invited by the author to refer, keeps up an unflagging brightness and pleasantness. It is close, too, and true, though we may quarrel with a carelessness or an infelicity here and there. On turning to a test-passage—the celebrated close of the fifth book, in which the mighty wreck and water struggle of Odysseus are described—we find Prof. Palmer fully equal to the dash, brilliancy, and uproar of the stirring hexameters. We hear the shriek of the winds between the lines; the very spume flares in our faces; the scene lives as a wondrous word-tempest before our eyes. We can imagine this version effective and delightful in the hands of a finished reader. The language is familiar enough to be intelligible to everyone; archaisms like those that embroider the hem of Butcher and Lang's version are avoided; and the naïve attitude of the poet-artist, with his naïve psychology and guileless speech, is happily preserved. Prof. Palmer, we note, translates *γλαυκῶπις* 'keen-eyed,' but why is it that he translates *Ἥλιος* Hyperion by the 'exalted' sun, *εὐπλόκαμος* by 'fair-haired,' *ὄδατος γλυκεροῖο* by 'a fresh stream' (cf. 'The sweet waters of Europe' and 'Asia,' near Constantinople); and the 'fishy sea' by the 'swarming sea'? These are minor blemishes, if blemishes at all; and we cannot, on the whole, conceive of a more charming companion than this volume to Mr. W. J. Stillman's articles in *The Century* 'On the Track of Ulysses.' We had read every line of Merry's smaller Greek text (which Prof. Palmer adopts in its larger and more complete form) when it first appeared, several years ago, and can testify to its excellence. The beauty of the Riverside typography and the Greek script leaves nothing to be desired. We hope and trust there are troops of lawyers and doctors, ministers and men of business who will be tempted to revive their vanishing Greek by the use of this spirited and mettlesome 'pony.' Prof. Palmer must abandon his idea of stopping at the twelfth book, and give us the whole.

#### "The Snake-Dance of the Moquis."

CAPT. BOURKE has killed two birds with one stone, the book in which he describes the snake-dance of the Moqui Indians being the stone, and the anthropologist and the general reader the two birds. In other words, he has written a popular account of a singular religious rite in such a way as to make it of great value to the student of primitive peoples. The scientific interest of the book would have been greater, perhaps, if it had been written elsewhere than at a military post, hundreds of miles from any library; but its popular interest might have suffered in that case, so the reader in quest only of novelty and amusement should not complain. For a number of years Capt. Bourke has been serving the Government as a student of Indian lore and customs, and his journey from Santa Fé to the Moqui villages of Arizona followed hard upon a visit to the Red Cloud Agency in Dakota, where he had witnessed the sun-dance of the Sioux. He had often heard of the strange ceremonies in vogue amongst the Moquis, but first received

a definite description of the snake-dance—the strangest of them all—from a trader at Fort Defiance, whose account, however, was given at second-hand from the Navajoes. His informant desired that he should be 'the first white man to carefully note this strange heathen rite during the moment of its celebration.' His own wishes impelled him in the same direction—and the sumptuous and excellently illustrated volume before us is the result. The book is not unduly padded, and yet the actual account of the dance is confined to one brief chapter, from which we quote a description of the most characteristic feature of the rite:

As the procession pranced closer and closer to where we were seated, we saw that the dancers farther to the rear of the column were holding the slimy, wriggling serpents *between their teeth!* The head of the animal in this case also was held toward the right, the object of this being very manifest. The Indians in the right file of the column still retained the eagle wands which their comrades had discarded. With these wands they tickled the heads, necks, and jaws of the snakes, thus distracting their attention from the dancers in whose teeth they were grasped so firmly. The spectacle was an astonishing one, and one felt at once bewildered and horrified at this long column of weird figures, naked in all excepting the snake-painted cotton kilts and red buckskin moccasins; bodies a dark greenish-brown, relieved only by the broad white armlets and the bright yellowish-gray of the fox-skins dangling behind them; long elfin locks brushed straight back from the head, tufted with scarlet parrot or woodpecker feathers; faces painted black, as with a mask of charcoal, from brow to upper lip, where the ghastly white of kaolin began, and continued down over chin and neck; the crowning point being the deadly reptiles borne in mouth and hand, which imparted to the drama the lurid tinge of a nightmare. With rattles clanking at knees, hands clinched, and elbows bent, the procession pranced slowly around the rectangle, the dancers lifting each knee slowly to the height of the waist, and then planting the foot firmly upon the ground before lifting the other, the snakes all the while writhing and squirming to free themselves from restraint.

Capt. Bourke is not the only officer of the Third Cavalry who has appeared before the public as a writer. Lieut. Schwatka, who led the last expedition in search of Franklin relics in the far north, has recently been a frequent contributor to the periodical press, and designs, if we mistake not, to further utilize some of his hyperborean experiences in the composition of a book. But, now that the Lieutenant has resigned, the author of 'The Snake-Dance of the Moquis' is, so far as we know, the only book-maker remaining in the regiment. Although he is not as thoroughly equipped for his work as the scholars who have devoted their lives to classical or biblical research or Egyptology, or as Nordenskiöld was for his cruise in the Arctic seas, he yet seems to have made the most of his opportunities of consulting standard works bearing on the subject he is engaged in studying. He quotes as an authority the Omaha Indian woman popularly known as Bright Eyes; and he discredits some of the dicta of that determined digger but deceptive chronicler, Di Cesnola. Capt. Bourke is 'more than half convinced' that secret societies may have originated—like the snake-cult of the Moquis—in the necessities of primitive man. Had he 'a wider knowledge of the snake-dances and initiations of ancient Greece and Egypt,' says a recent writer in *The Pall Mall Gazette*—presumably Mr. Andrew Lang—he would be strongly confirmed in his opinion. But, as we have already intimated, his work appeals to a much wider class of readers than those who take a deep interest in primitive institutions or comparative mythology.

#### "Public Relief and Private Charity."

In this pamphlet, Mrs. Lowell gives valuable and interesting information as to the working of what is known as the 'out-door relief' system. The testimony of her own theories, based on personal experience, is supported by many and convincing extracts from the reports of both Eng-

\* The Snake-Dance of the Moquis of Arizona. By Capt. John G. Bourke, Third U. S. Cavalry. \$5. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* Public Relief and Private Charity. By Josephine Shaw Lowell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



lish and American societies, to the effect that 'out-door relief' not only does not accomplish the object aimed at, but tends to aggravate the situation it is meant to relieve. Both in public and private charity the aim should be to remove, not poverty, but the cause of poverty. Could all men be made comfortable by an equal division of the wealth of any given community, it is not probable that the results would be at all satisfactory; for there is indisputable proof that no amount of money scattered among people who are without character and virtue will ensure even their physical comfort. A very valuable and suggestive point in Mrs. Lowell's pamphlet is her answer to the question, Who are the poor? She bids us remember that it is hardly well to pride ourselves on our charity to the widow who has nothing to eat and who may be spending her days in idleness and her nights in debauchery, so long as we pride ourselves on driving a hard bargain with the widow who does our family washing and making her earn her dollar by too heavy labor. Let us beware, also, of too thoughtless exultation over our wonderful 'bargains' at the great stores, lest what seems unparalleled generosity on the part of the firm should mean the helpless crushing of employes in behalf of customers. As to methods of relieving the poor, nothing is more certain than that deliberate almsgiving, whether the dollar indiscriminately given on the street, or the public relief fund appointed to relieve poverty by giving money, is a mistake. The larger the funds given in relief in any community, the more pressing is the demand for them, according to the experience and testimony of all practical workers among the poor. Great as seems the comparative expense of establishing institutions, it would seem best to have institutions for those who really cannot help themselves. For others, whether those actually in want or those earning too little money by too hard labor, the best help of all is to help people to help themselves. That is, that instead of receiving the means of living, men should receive from the benevolent the means of earning a living—that the poor man or woman should have the road cleared so that they may themselves march on to success—that their brains should be released from ignorance, their hands freed from the shackles of incompetence, their bodies saved from the pains of sickness, and their souls delivered from the bonds of sin.

#### "A Young Girl's Wooing."\*

It has always been a pleasing feature of the popularity of Mr. E. P. Roe that his books were at least innocent. Occasionally something would be a little out of tune, like the marriage of one of his heroes to a woman not quite sane; but as a rule it was pleasant to know that books rivaling Mrs. Southworth's in 'availability' contained little of the sensational and highly-seasoned imagination supposed to be the secret of that lady's pecuniary success in literature. In 'A Young Girl's Wooing,' however, a note is struck which cannot seem other than false. The curious part of it is that the author evidently does not mean to strike a false note, even for sensational success. Nothing is more evident than that Mr. Roe means sincerely, deeply and conscientiously to write in the interest of virtue, good-sense and practical every-day life. But his 'Young Girl's Wooing' is not the wooing of a young girl: it is a young girl's deliberate, intentional, never-wearied wooing of a young man who does not care for her but who *shall* marry her if she can make him in five hundred pages. The book is certainly a curiosity; for it is no adventure that Mr. Roe has tried to paint, even as a warning: she is supposed to be a lovely, beautiful, spotless young girl, whom Mr. Roe greatly admires, whose 'wooing' was perfectly blameless and even laudable, *because*: 1. She did not intend to make him marry her, but merely to make him *like* her so that he would marry her. 2. She was a very much better girl than the girl she was trying to win him from. 3. She used no deception

or hypocrisy or evil methods to attract him, but devoted herself to acquiring real charms, to winning for herself beauty, not by cosmetics but by health, to practising her music till she sang like Patti or Nilsson, to saving the lives of little drowning children, to watching with the sick, to being patient with the irritable, and in short to winning him over, not merely to herself, but to virtue as represented in her. Nevertheless the note is fatally false. The girl's constant consciousness of what she is aiming at, her eager watching to see how her drowning exercises and night watching with the sick 'take' with the young man, are something simply horrible. Moreover there is an unfortunate reliance on the fact that the girl grew beautiful as well as good, so that the hero cannot help finding her prettier than the other girl and so being led to watch her and find out how good she is. We absolve Mr. Roe from any intention of giving a false picture, but it is impossible not to feel that the picture he has drawn is both false and painful.

#### "On a Margin."\*

THE author of 'On a Margin' has made his book a success simply and solely by the tremendous earnestness of his purpose in writing it. As a story, it is nothing; it is neither interesting, nor 'pretty,' nor fine; it can hardly be understood by any except those who have dabbled in 'margins' and who know the language of the trade. But it is written with the intensity of a man who intends to be heard, who does not care in the least whether or not you think him a charming writer, and who has the ability to make people understand and accept his conclusions who do not understand his premises. We should be grateful to any author who could lay bare the secrets of the fearful methods of making money without earning it which are undermining business and social morality, exciting false ambitions, ruining the weak, corrupting the strong, and degrading all who are concerned in them; but the author of 'On a Margin' has done more than this: he has foiled specious argument, shown the almost certainty of loss to all but those who stoop to anything to win, made the blood of the least sensitive tingle with a sense of shame at business relying for success on securing 'points' behind the scenes or giving 'points' in careless hints—to carry it out to its worst form, giving 'false points' purposely, perhaps through one's wife innocently or guiltily abetting the stock-broker in her drawing-room, or through 'friends,' not hired for the purpose, but paid for what they accomplish, if only in the pleasing fame of seeming to be in the confidence of one able to give 'points.' All this he has done, and more: he has not only shown the outrageousness of the system and the risk of failure and loss, but he has made success in it a horrible thing. One lays down the book with a healthful sense that the game would not be worth the candle even if one could win the game; and although we are far from advocating any system of morality which seems based on the policy that after all dishonesty does not 'pay,' yet we admire in its literary phase this many-sided dealing with the matter in hand. Of the correctness, even of the probability, of the author's use of 'margin' slang and 'margin' manners, we are happy to pronounce ourselves incapable of judging; but because of its vivid and final moral we accept the book as an elaboration of the truth, briefly stated not long ago in *The Century*, that 'only unfair advantage wins steadily' in this matter of 'long' and 'short' and 'futures.'

#### "The Art of Life."†

MR. OAKLEY has gathered together material already published in *Harper's Magazine* and other periodicals, but has added to it so that the new form is really new, though an adaptation from suggestions in earlier work. It is a sensible, interesting and suggestive book, partly practical, partly

\* *A Young Girl's Wooing*. By Edward P. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

\* *On a Margin*. \$1.25. New York: Ford, Howard & Hulbert.  
† *The Art of Life and the Life of Art*. By Alex. F. Oakley. (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper & Bros.

technical. Mr. Oakey evidently believes in the artistic temperament and would consider it cruel for an artist's wife to expect him to be punctual to dinner, and would perhaps resent the humor of a recent hero in literature who remarked as he ushered some ladies up the stairs to a studio, 'we must knock very loud; it is supposed to be necessary to give loud knocks on studio doors, to rouse the artist from his absorption.' But his work is not confined to the ideal side of art, and he gives many admirable hints to the house-builder and the house-keeper. The chapter on 'Design, Composition, Material and Process,' dealing largely with the limitations of material and process in every art, gives useful suggestions for those to whom the delicate and wise distinctions of Lessing's *Laocoön* might be too abstruse. He gives an admirable hint, too, in reminding us that there are more ways than one of commemorating the greatness and goodness of great and good men, and that it is absurd to make a statue of a man for any other reason than his being statuesque; the passion of committees to erect 'another whole suit of clothes in bronze' having resulted in ornamentation of our parks and squares with anything but legitimate art. Another good hint is for the lady of the house: let her see that her beautiful cabinets have something in them as well as on their shelves; that curiosity shall be piqued as to lovely things just out of sight, and the imagination be called into exercise where now only eyesight is required. The element of surprise, so essential to wit, is a valuable factor of beauty. Do not display all the pretty things you own. Not only is one good thing worth a dozen poor ones, but it is even possible that one good thing may be better than a dozen good things. Mr. Oakey evidently does not approve of the drawing-rooms that have all the air of the china-shops, and he bewails the American tendency of being anxious to secure a handsome house as soon as possible and to buy only property that will be easily salable when one wants to sell, which results in the mere accumulation of furniture and *bric à brac* that can be easily moved and would look about the same anywhere. A bright, epigrammatic turn to the style makes the book very readable, even for those who may not understand 'volutes' or care for the laws of the beauty they enjoy.

#### Minor Notices.

MR. ROLFE in rendering a real service to the youth of America in furnishing such excellent editions of the English classics as the Shakspeare published by the Harpers, and 'The Lady of the Lake' and 'The Princess' which James R. Osgood & Co. are issuing. To the latter series—the so-called 'students' editions—he has just added 'Selections from Tennyson.' The volume contains the more famous of the shorter poems and brief extracts from the longer ones, the omission of the hackneyed shorter pieces—such, we presume, as 'The May-Queen,' and the songs scattered so liberally through the longer poems—being due to the fact that they are to be given in another volume, suited to younger readers. The illustrations which accompany the present selections add little to the value of the book, but Mr. Rolfe's forty pages of notes make it a work of lasting usefulness. It is very well printed, neatly bound, and costs only seventy-five cents.

SO MANY manuals of the hippic science are now pouring from the Continental and American press that one is at a loss what to say of them. There is, however, much that is true and excellent in the latest—M. H. L. de Bussigny's 'Handbook for Horsewomen' (Appleton & Co.)—and much sensible advice is given women about their riding-habits, equestrian toilette, and hygiene. M. de Bussigny is an advocate of the 'English' or 'rising' trot, on the ground, it would seem, of avoiding cruelty to animals. He calculates that each time a trotter rises, he relieves the horse's back of one third of the weight which must rest on it permanently if he sits fast; and he remarks that since 1872 the 'rising'

trot has been practised in all the cavalries of Europe. We are glad to see that he condemns the senseless habit of holding the reins exclusively in the left hand—a habit which grew out of cavalymen having to hold their sabres in the right.

WE are not pleasantly impressed with the title of 'Fenno's Favorites' (John E. Potter & Co.) and our distrust of these selections deepens on finding 'indicated gestures' a part of the instruction. Nor do the selections themselves seem at all well adapted to reading aloud and speaking. Very few of them are the classics known to our childhood, and though this might be an advantage if the new 'pieces' were fine as well as new, the choice does not seem wholly admirable. The requirements of public reading or speaking are such as to demand much more than mere intrinsic excellence as literature in the 'pieces' to be rendered. Of 'Fenno's Favorites'—what an abominable name, by the way—the pathetic pieces are too pathetic, the descriptive pieces too descriptive and the extracts from sermons too much like whole sermons, to be general 'favorites' for the purpose they are supposed to serve.

'DAILY STRENGTH for Daily Needs' is a dainty little volume of 372 pages, compiled by Mary W. Tileston, editor of 'Quiet Hours,' 'Sursum Corda,' 'The Blessed Life' and the so-called Wisdom Series. (Roberts Brothers.) It consists of 'brief selections in prose and verse, with accompanying texts of Scripture,' and is intended to serve as 'a daily companion and counsellor.' The first of the 'wise and holy men' of modern times whose comforting words are here quoted is the perennial Dr. Holmes.—A volume of similar size, and compiled on a somewhat similar plan, is 'Festival Poems,' selected by 'K. B. R., of Brookline, Mass.' The festival seasons celebrated between its dainty covers are Christmas, New Year's and Easter. Like 'Daily Strength,' the book is printed at the University Press and published by Roberts Bros.

#### Recent Fiction.

'BEAUTY AND THE BEAST,' by Sarah Tytler (Franklin Square Library), is a sample of the best of Miss Tytler's work, which, at its best, is very good. The story has the double merit of being one with sufficiently elaborate and exciting plot to hold the interest of those apt to choose poorer literature, and of giving besides character-drawing, descriptions and pretty scenes enough to please those who require in a novel something more than a story. It is, indeed, a really fine piece of work and yet likely to prove popular. There are several 'Beasts' in it, but they do not spoil human nature for us, and though there is only one 'Beauty,' she is not too beautiful for belief. The 'touches' are many and quite perfect, each of its kind. We are tempted to quote one: Sir William is about to marry one of his own tenants, and asks her laughingly, 'What about the wild ducks that flew over from Mistley Down? Have you been seeking their eggs lately, or are the nests flown? They are all yours, now—every bird and beast, bush and furrow. You and your father will have to keep my preserves in good faith, when neither he nor you will ever need to poach on them or any other again.' 'It is handsome in you to put it that way,' said Honor frankly. Then she added, after a moment's reflection, with an echo both of humor and sadness in her tone: 'But I doubt half the fun will be gone.'

'SHE DOESN'T KNOW a good book from a poor one' is the grievance of a husband who has made a *mésalliance* in McKay's story of 'Stella Grayland,' included in the seventh volume of 'Stories by American Authors.' (Charles Scribner's Sons.) But it seems as if even Cora Brainard could have understood that these selected stories, of which her own story makes one, are something more than good.



No one can make a mistake in ordering this series, for the good taste which has so far marked the choice of stories has not yet lapsed in a single case from its high standard. Perhaps the best in the present volume is 'The Bishop's Vagabond,' with its inimitable rendering of the good-hearted, never-to-be-reformed vagabond, capable of a heroism, but incapable of telling the truth or hating a lie. 'Passages from the Journal of a Social Wreck,' also inimitably good, is included in the same volume, and so are 'The Image of San Donato,' 'Lost,' and 'Kirby's Coals of Fire.'

'AT THE WORLD'S MERCY,' like 'The House on the Marsh' of the same author (Appleton), is a sensational story of a new type, the sensational element not being always in the best taste, but never being in the worst taste, while the interest never falters for a moment. No one will put down the book after beginning it, though no one would be at pains to preserve it in a library of the classics. It 'meets a want' in being exciting without being demoralizing.—That the Harpers issue in attractive binding W. Clark Russell's story of 'Jack's Courtship' is circumstantial evidence that the book has proved what we prophesied of its success six months ago when we noticed it as a 'Franklin Square.' The reading world would rather have a courtship than a divorce any day, and although the story is long, love and devotion of the good old-fashioned type are diversified with much entertaining humor.

### The Lounger

I WAS very glad to be one of the audience that welcomed Mr. Irving and Miss Terry back to New York. They are the same delightful actors who left us last spring, and after all we have gone through in the way of dog-days drama we need some such *bonne-bouche* as this. 'The Merchant of Venice' was chosen for the opening. Miss Terry's Portia has lost none of its charm, and Mr. Irving's Shylock is as strange, weird, and pathetic a creation as ever. And Shakspeare himself—how welcome he is after the twaddle of recent melodrama and comedy! Where can you find anything more subtly humorous than Portia's lines in counting over the marriageable young men of her acquaintance? or more burning words of satire than Shylock heaps upon the bankrupt Antonio? There is a satisfaction, after all, in listening to a playwright who has something to say, particularly when his lines are spoken by actors who know their meaning.

THOSE who know Thorwaldsen by his collected works at Copenhagen have been grieved to learn from a paragraph in *The Pall Mall Gazette* that 'The Triumph of Alexander' is now but a blackened and calcined mass of marble, having been hopelessly ruined in the recent fire at Christiansborg. The famous frieze was executed in 1812 as a decoration for one of the halls of the Quirinal Palace, and in commemoration of the triumphs of Napoleon. But the familiar image of the giant smiting his blocks of marble and uncovering the form that lay within has no place here. The delicately moulded clay died, as was intended, into plaster. The frieze still fulfils its original purpose. At the same time a Grecian Temple was rising in Paris, and a replica in marble was ordered for it. When La Madeleine succeeded La Gloire, the figures of Alexander, Victory and Peace were changed, and, since 1828, the work has been an art-treasure of the Lake of Como, in the Atrium of the Villa Sommariva, at Cadenabbia. Although the last replica was also original in some of its details, and its loss is greatly to be deplored, yet the triumph of the French emperor has not yet shared the fate of those countless portraits in gold, bronze and marble, which once represented the Macedonian conqueror and his generals, but which have long since passed through the melting pot and the lime-kiln, while the wooden statues of village sheikhs, or the brilliant coffin-lids of the Pharaohs and their queens, in Paris and in Cairo, have attained an immortality of four thousand years.

IN ESTIMATING Mr. Cleveland's chances of success in the late campaign, his friends overlooked a factor which proved more potent than many on which their hopes were built. Dr. Burchard's three R's—by no means the three so dear to the schoolmaster's heart—unquestionably 'did it.' They were the last

straw; and it is not the largest but the last that breaks the camel's overburdened back. The mob should henceforth respect the power of the literary class. It was not Rum, Romanism and Rebellion that gave Cleveland the plurality that is claimed for him in this State; it was merely the coupling of the words which stand for them, in the mouth of a rhetorician. Dr. Burchard has now an excellent opportunity of using another alliterative phrase—Veni, Vidi, Vici. Only he conquered, not the enemy, but the army that he aimed to aid.

FROM the Century Club, Mr. William Bispham sends me the following note:—In my heedlessness of the truth of that tritest of trite sayings, 'there is nothing new under the sun,' I had vainly imagined that the terms 'put' and 'call,' now so much in vogue in the New York Stock Exchange, were the genuine and original outcome of the habits of the Nineteenth Century; but some of my recent reading has developed the fact that this supposition, like the rest of things mundane, is but vanity, and that another of my cherished idols must be destroyed. In Colley Cibber's 'The Refusal, or the Ladies' Philosophy,' which was written a hundred and fifty years or more ago, Act I., Scene I., Granger, who is speaking to Witling, says, 'And all this out of Change Alley?' to which Witling replies 'Every shilling, sir—all out of stocks, puts, bulls, rams, bears, and bubbles.' And a little farther on in the same scene, alluding to a contract he had made with Sir Gilbert Wrangle concerning the disposition of the hand of one of Sir Gilbert's daughters, Witling reads to Granger and Frankly a letter he has written to Sir Gilbert announcing that, in accordance with said contract he now makes choice of the younger daughter, Charlotte—and on Granger remarking 'This is indeed extraordinary,' Witling replies, 'I think so: I'll assure you, gentlemen, I take this to be the *coup de maître* of the whole Alley. This is a call now, that none of your thick-skull'd calculators could ever have thought on.'

### Fading Days.

FILLED with a quiet sadness nigh to tears,  
When tears come fresh from no ungentle spring,  
Beside this stream, whose tongue runs faltering,  
I watch this graceful fading of the year's.  
A breeze shakes all the host of grassy spears,  
Rustling their faded pennants where they cling;  
A brown rust widens round the fairies' ring,  
Pale on each bough a dying grace appears.  
The air is tremulous with hovering fears,  
Each moment some loved charm is taking wing.  
For every pearl that falls from Summer's string  
Dies in my breast some song her love endears.  
O Autumn haste: blow fresh through heart and brain  
The riper notes of thy reviving strain!

O. C. AURINGER.

### The Youth's Companion Prizes.

WE take pleasure in laying before our readers the following announcement of the result of *The Youth's Companion* prize competition. The amount offered was \$3000, and nearly 7000 manuscripts were submitted to the publishers and adjudicated upon by eight editorial readers. The several prizes have been awarded as follows:

Boys' stories. First prize, \$500. Angelo J. Lewis, London, Eng. Title of story, 'Better than Victory.' Second prize, \$250. Mary Bassett Hussey, Brazil, Ind. Title of story, 'Davy.'

Girls' stories. First prize, \$500. Mrs. J. E. Moore, Thomaston, Me. Title of story, 'Miss Bashby.' Second prize, \$250. Patience Stapleton, Denver, Col. Title of story, 'Byer's Folly.'

Humorous stories. First prize, \$500. Frank R. Stockton, Philadelphia, Pa. Title of story, 'An Unhistoric Page.' Second prize, \$250. H. J. Adamson, Hartford, Conn. Title of story, 'Hile Hardack's Newfoundland Pup.'

Stories of adventure. First prize, \$500. E. W. Thomson, Montreal, Canada. Title of story, 'Petherick's Peril.' Second prize, \$250. Charlotte M. Vaile, Denver, Col. Title of story, 'Snowbound in the Mountains.'

Of the thousands of stories that failed to win these prizes, the best—or, at least, the most available—have been purchased by the publishers of the *Companion* and will appear in the pages of that paper during the coming year. The list of contributors to the new volume includes the names of J. A. Froude, Prof. Tyndall, Prof. Max Müller, Canon Farrar, E. A. Freeman, Richard A. Proctor, E. P. Whipple, Alphonse Daudet, Mrs. Oliphant, J. T. Trowbridge, Lord Lytton, Felix Oswald, W. H. Rideing, Edna Dean Procter, Dr. Charles Mackay, Joel Chandler Harris and a Japanese writer named Arakawa. If the supposed average of five readers to each copy of a paper circulated holds good in the case of *The Youth's Companion*, the contributions of these distinguished men and women will be read from week to week by 1,700,000 pairs of eyes.

### American Pictures from the Salon.

A NUMBER of paintings by American artists resident in Paris, and which have already been exhibited in this year's Salon, are now to be seen at the American Art Galleries in Twenty-third Street. They are, as might be expected, of a high order of merit, and make most of the other pictures in their company seem superfluous, to say the least. The landscapes are by far the best, one of the most important, 'Encampment on the Sea,' by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, being a good example of that new school of landscape art which has succeeded in France to that of Rousseau, Troyon and Diaz. The principal aim of this new school is the correct reproduction of tones and values so as to produce a natural impression of reality; and it is in this respect that Mr. Dellenbaugh's picture is a remarkable success. It is a night scene, and represents the sardine fishing-fleet waiting for morning with their sails draped tent-fashion over the boats. We are all familiar enough with night effects of light and shade, and we can remember pictures, like the famous 'Night Watch' of Rembrandt, so glowing with entirely conventional color that it is questioned whether they were not really intended for day pieces; but, unless the reader has already seen some equally successful impressionistic representation of a similar subject, he will admit that he has never beheld the true tints of a summer night view reproduced on canvas before. It has been asserted that the delight which we take in subtle relations of tones was unknown to former generations. However that may be, it is certain that they did not paint them with entire accuracy. Not even the great men who were alive and at work only a few years ago did anything of the sort which the younger Breton, Cazin and some half-a-dozen young Americans are now doing. The vagaries of a few young men, in a hurry to make a reputation, have done the new school much injury, but, having a legitimate cause for existence, and including many painters who need no militant propaganda to set them right before the world, its principles and practice and sure to be generally accepted before long.

For this reason, Mr. Dellenbaugh's picture, exhibiting the new ideas most clearly, may be accounted the most important in the collection, though much might be said in praise of Mr. H. R. Poore's 'Ulysses Feigning Madness,' Mr. Robert H. Monk's 'Old Willows at Potigny' and Henry Bacon's 'Who Loves Me, Follows.' Admirers of Mr. Bridgman will be able to point with pride to his 'A Hot Bargain,' for the play of sunlight on the walls of the Moorish courtyard and the color in the draperies of the merchants are very good. Mr. Herkomer's 'English Navy' is a very respectable piece of work, as is Mr. Dennett Grover's 'Portrait' and Mr. Edward Grenet's 'Capricious Model.' In the inner rooms will be found a 'View on the Seine,' by Twachtman; 'The Shepherd's Church at Rothenburg,' by Joseph Lauber; a 'Landscape,' very rich in color, by R. A. Blakelock; some 'Birch Trees,' by Mr. Currier; and other good pictures, in many different styles. There is some interesting statuary mostly in the plaster. Nevertheless, if the Franco-American contributions were absent, the show would

suffer badly. The fact is, we have too many exhibitions, and at each of them, there is too much wall-space to cover.

The new galleries that were thrown open for the first time on Monday evening are the handsomest in America. The architect deserves great praise for the way in which he has adapted the arrangement and embellishment of the galleries to the purpose for which they are intended. While one cannot help admiring the decorative treatment of the wood-work, it does not obtrude itself. From the stairway with its floral balcony to the colossal fireplace, everything is in perfect keeping.

### The Watts Collection.

THE collection of pictures by Mr. George Frederick Watts, R.A., now at the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts will serve a good purpose if it shows some of Mr. Ruskin's many readers in this country why it is that artists set so little store by his dicta. Mr. Ruskin ranks Mr. Watts with Mr. Burne Jones and talks of his 'victorious powers of design.' Artists generally consider that drawing, especially of the figure, makes a very large part of the art of design; and there is scarce a school-boy who has been a couple of seasons in the life-class of any good academy who would not be ashamed to draw like Mr. Watts. Nor will any one who has the least practical acquaintance with art admit that there is anything 'victorious' about Mr. Watts's works, examined on any side. Except in a few cases, failure is everywhere writ large upon them. Some of the many portraits remind one—by a certain pleasant glow of color, and refined feeling for line rather than any mastery of it—of those of the late William M. Hunt. The more ambitious 'historical' subjects similarly recall those of Mr. La Farge. But a large share of the collection is so bad that we must apologize to Mr. Hunt's and Mr. La Farge's admirers for comparing their work with it in any way.

Mr. Watts seems to be in the habit of spending a quarter of a century on a single painting, and there would be nothing to find fault with in that if he produced a good one at the end of that term. But, in most cases, the net result is pitiable. The 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' the catalogue tells us, is considered 'finally finished,' yet the trunk of Eurydice has no more form than a nightmare. The bad drawing of 'The Genius of Greek Poetry' would make a Greek howl with anguish. In 'Love and Life, Love, whose skin, if he can be said to have a skin, is of the color of old brass, is horribly malformed, especially about the trunk and legs. 'Paolo and Francesca' are frightful anatomies. Even the color and sentiment which give these pretentious works the only charm which they possess, are not more than might be looked for from a sensitive amateur. In the 'Ariadne,' which the catalogue has the temerity to compare with Titian's splendid painting of the same name, everything is fished for—form, sentiment, color—and nothing is obtained. There is a series of illustrations of the Apocalypse in which ridiculous figures bestride still more ridiculous horses. In one of these the rider is accompanied by a number of other beings, each of whom has been hit by a snow-ball in the middle of the forehead. The catalogue does not explain; and this is only one of many similar enigmas. Mr. Watts's sense of color and talent for composition would, doubtless, have enabled him to do something that might survive him, if at any time in his long life he had submitted to a proper course of training. As it is, this exhibition may serve as a warning to students, that they cannot dispense with the study of nature, either in class or out of it, and to the public that it should be on its guard against critics of the Ruskin school, no matter how marvellous a gift of language they may possess.

### The Place of Art in History.

[The Spectator.]

It is not wonderful that Mr. Ruskin should place high the claim of Art, for Art has been to him more than a nursing-mother. She has been mother, and father, and country, and all.



We will not say no man before him has ever occupied such a position; but certainly no critic ever did. Because he understands Art, and can express the thoughts generated by that comprehension in admirable words,—words which in their exquisite collocation, their perfection at once of form and of lucidity, have been rivalled in our generation only by Cardinal Newman,—he has become one of the best-known and most appreciated figures in our generation. His older books are among the treasures of the bibliophile, his later works are purchased like scarce plates, his opinions are quoted like texts from a Holy Book, and even his wanderings,—and when he discourses of politics or economy, he does not wander, and suggests a child explaining machinery to a nurse,—are studied and collated by enthusiastic disciples, who hope to find in them precious things, and do find meaningless sentences of almost matchless form,—fragments, as it were, of a marble fit for Phidias to carve. He has, in fact, become a master in literature as truly as any one of the Italians he loves was a master in art; and often pronounces, himself living, to living men, a verdict which has all the resistless, yet imponderable, weight of the verdict of posterity. We do not dream of cavilling at his place, which is justified as far as Art is concerned, not only by rare attainments, but by an instinct for the beautiful and harmonious which proves his possession of the 'zig-zag lightning in his brain,' as much as did ever sculptor's statue or conqueror's campaign; nor do we question the surpassing charms of his mistress Art; but we may ask humbly whether, in his recent Lecture, he does not exaggerate her claims beyond all reason. The reports are condensed till their meaning is half gone; but Mr. Ruskin seems to us in many of his allusions, and especially in his choice of great cities, to be inwardly possessed with the idea that the history of Art is the history of man, and that a nation is great or otherwise according as it has developed Art capacity. That, if it in any close degree represents Mr. Ruskin's actual thought, strikes us as a melancholy exaggeration,—an exaggeration, because much has been done for man by races with little or no capacity for Art; melancholy, because such a faith must be accompanied with such terrible doubts of the continuous development of mankind. Save possibly in music, upon which evidence, though far from complete, seems strong, it is doubtful if man progresses in Art at all, and certainly he does not advance at any calculable rate. Let the builders of Europe try to reproduce Luxor. No architect of our day, even when revealing the inner conceit which cynics say possesses all minds, and wiser men attribute to so many, would say that he hoped to surpass the builders of the Parthenon, or the often unknown men who in Germany and France and England seven hundred years ago made their dreams concrete and visible in the finest Gothic Cathedrals. The little knot of wicked Attic slave-owners, whom artists call for convenience 'the Greeks,' remain unequalled in sculpture, and may have been unsurpassed in painting, while Mr. Ruskin himself would scarify all who said that modern Art had advanced upon the triumphs of the Renaissance. All over Asia Art has been decaying for ages, till the Moor of Fez would hardly understand what his ancestor had done in Granada, till Indian Mussulmans gaze at the Pearl Mosque as if the geni had built it, till Persians buy old carpets as lavishly as we do, and till Chinese and Japanese confess with sighs that the old ceramic work cannot be reproduced. It would be melancholy to think Art the test of civilization, even if we believed, as this writer certainly does not, that races reached their flowering period in Art after long cycles of sterility, and that Greek or Italian, Moor or Japanese, might yet again excel all former efforts; for still there would remain the humiliating thought that while the mind is of limitless range, Art must always be perfectible, that a time must arrive when man, having in that department reached unimprovable harmony, must needs despair of advance.

At least, the mind would be melancholy were the postulate correct, and Art a never-failing index of a nation's power to benefit mankind; but is that even approximately true? No one questions,—we least of all,—what the Greek did for man; for if we should fall below Mr. Ruskin in our reverence for architect or sculptor, painter or cutter of gems, at least we should rival him in regard for the poet and the politician; but the Hebrew did still more, and knew nothing of Art save song. He sang the Psalm which lives forever, and to which the cold Northerners turn, whenever they are beaten by fate, for help or the expression of their grief; but he built no building, devised fine lines for no ship, proscribed sculpture,—at least, it is our individual belief that Moses intended his order on the subject, just as Mahommed did, to be a side-blow against idolatry,—and never practised painting; but all the same he handed down through ages the torch of monotheism, and reduced the teaching of Christ

to the form in which we now receive it. The Roman, who gave to man perhaps the most beneficent of all conceptions not strictly religious,—the notion that life should be controlled by immutable law, and not by individual will, the fundamental axiom which has made orderly freedom possible,—originated little in Art, except an architecture, noble, indeed, and enduring, but far less truly artistic than the Greek; while the German, who is marching to the top of the world, who has done so much for learning, and who, with his patience and his idealism, may yet solve insoluble political problems, has for Art done scarcely anything. It is doubtful if he has built much; it is not doubtful that he has carved and painted nothing of the first rank in excellence. In music, indeed, he is a master, but not the master he is deemed; for much of the glorious work with which he is credited is due to a race of guests belonging to another continent,—the race which, in its own land, never built or painted or carved, though it sang songs, whose sweetness remains still the highest expression alike of melancholy and of faith. The Swiss has no art, the Scandinavian little—(might we venture to suggest that Danish art, after all, is coldly imitative, Hellenism without the Hellenic sun, Hellenism frozen?)—the Slavon none at all; yet each has power in his own way. It seems to us that a race might be great and noble and most useful to mankind, might excel in thought and in science and in laws, might teach us all deep secrets of happiness, and make us all more worthy to live on, and yet not possess that special power of at once conceiving and realizing beauty, which is the condition of achievement in Art; might, in fact, pass away, leaving, as indeed the Hebrew nation did, no record of its presence, save a land cultivated to irreparable exhaustion, and a literature which was for ages a stimulus or a solace to mankind. There are men in the world, great men, too, who cannot comprehend the glories of form, or color, or combination; and many more who, comprehending them, could not even begin to produce them; and why not communities too? They would be brighter, no doubt, and have fuller lives, and civilize men more rapidly if they possessed the missing powers; but they may be great and worthy of all study nevertheless still. They last, too, such communities; as those with the high artistic faculties have not always done. The Greek, whose bronze spoke and marble glowed, lasted but a few centuries; and the men of the Renaissance, before whose work artists despair, and Mr. Ruskin stands full of what is really the poetic spirit, though it suits him to use a magically-arranged prose as his instrument, fewer centuries still. Is there not, indeed,—though we admit that here we wander into regions rather of the fancy than the reason,—something self-destructive in the highest art, as if it took out of men some virility, as if the natures which could produce it, which had reached the point where the accurate perception of harmony and the power of realizing it became identical, grew first weary with their task and then barren? The history of 'Art periods' seems to suggest that, which is not true of literary periods,—at least, not in our modern world, and in the same degree. At all events, this much is certain, that if we take Art as our guide through the labyrinth of history, we shall pass over not only some of its noblest chambers, but some of the places where men are producing effective motive-power. Man is wider than art, as he is older than science, and more enduring than culture,—is, in fact, for all his baseness, greater than the new intellectual idols he is setting up for himself, and which are only chips of him.

### Hamlet Once More.

[An Old Playgoer, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

At the very moment when Mr. Wilson Barrett is bringing out 'Hamlet' at the Princess's, there comes into my hands 'Shakespeare and Montaigne, an Endeavour to Explain the Tendency of "Hamlet" from Allusions in Contemporary Works,' by Mr. Jacob Feis, an author not before known to me. Mr. Feis seeks to establish that Shakespeare in 'Hamlet' identifies Montaigne's philosophy with madness, branding it as a pernicious one, as contrary to the intellectual conquests his own English nation has made when breaking with the Romanist dogma. 'Shakespeare,' says Mr. Feis, 'wished to warn his contemporaries that the attempt of reconciling two opposite circles of ideas—namely, on the one hand the doctrine that we are to be guided by the laws of nature, and on the other the yielding ourselves up to superstitious dogmas which declare human nature to be sinful, must inevitably produce deeds of madness.'

Mr. Feis's name has a German look, and the first instinct of the 'genuine British narrowness' will be to say that here is another German critic who has discovered a mare's nest. 'Hamlet dies wounded and poisoned, as if Shakespeare had intended ex-

pressing his abhorrence of so vacillating a character, who places the treacherous excesses of passion above the power of that human reason in whose free service alone Greeks and Romans did their most exalted deeds of virtue.' Shakspeare is 'the great humanist,' in sympathy with the clear unwarped reason of 'a living Horace or Horatio,' an Horatio intrepid as the author of 'Non vultus instantis tyranni.' This is fantastic. Far from abhorring Hamlet, Shakspeare was probably in considerable sympathy with him; nor is he likely to have thought either that salvation for mankind was to be had from the Odes of Horace.

Mr. Feis is too entire, too absolute. Nevertheless his book is of real interest and value. He has proved the preoccupation of Shakspeare's mind when he made 'Hamlet' with Montaigne's 'Essays.' John Sterling had inferred it, but Mr. Feis has established it. He shows how passage after passage in the second quarto of 'Hamlet,' published in 1604, has been altered and expanded in correspondence with things in the first English translation of Montaigne's 'Essays,' Florio's, published in 1603. The 'Essays' had already passed through many editions in French, and were known to Shakspeare in that language. Their publication in English was an event in the brilliant and intellectual London world, then keenly interested in the playhouses; and Shakspeare, in revising his 'Hamlet' in 1604, gives proof of the actual occupation of his patrons with the Englished Montaigne, and confirms, too, the fact of his own occupation with the 'Essays' previously.

For me the interest of this discovery does not lie in its showing that Shakspeare thought Montaigne a dangerous author, and meant to give in Hamlet a shocking example of what Montaigne's teaching led to. It lies in its explaining how it comes about that 'Hamlet,' in spite of the prodigious mental and poetic power shown in it, is really so tantalizing and ineffective a play. To the common public 'Hamlet' is a famous piece by a famous poet, with crime, a ghost, battle, and carnage; and that is sufficient. To the youthful enthusiast 'Hamlet' is a piece handling the mystery of the universe, and having throughout cadences, phrases, and words full of the divinest Shakspearian magic; and that, too, is sufficient. To the pedant, finally, 'Hamlet' is an occasion for airing his psychology; and what does pedant require more? But to the spectator who loves true and powerful drama, and can judge whether he gets it or not, 'Hamlet' is a piece which opens, indeed, simply and admirably, and then: 'The rest is puzzle!'

The reason is, apparently, that Shakspeare conceived this play with his mind running on Montaigne, and placed its action and its hero in Montaigne's atmosphere and world. What is that world? It is the world of man viewed as a being *ondoyant et divers*, balancing and indeterminate, the plaything of cross motives and shifting impulses, swayed by a thousand subtle influences, psychological and pathological. Certainly the action and hero of the original Hamlet story are not such as to compel the poet to place them in this world and no other, but they admit of being placed there, Shakspeare resolved to place them there, and they lent themselves to his resolve. The resolve once taken to place the action in this world of problem, the problem became brightened by all the force of Shakspeare's faculties, of Shakspeare's subtlety. 'Hamlet' thus comes at last to be not a drama followed with perfect comprehension and profoundest emotion, which is the ideal for tragedy, but a problem soliciting interpretation and solution.

It will never, therefore, be a piece to be seen with pure satisfaction by those who will not deceive themselves. But such is its power and such is its fame that it will always continue to be acted, and we shall all of us continue to go and see it. Mr. Wilson Barrett has put it effectively and finely on the stage. In general the critics have marked his merits with perfect justice. He is successful with his King and Queen. The King in 'Hamlet' is too often a blatant horror, and his Queen is to match. Mr. Willard and Miss Leighton are a King and Queen whom one sees and hears with pleasure. Ophelia, too—what suffering have Ophelias caused us! And nothing can make this part advantageous to an actress or enjoyable for the spectator. I confess, therefore, that I trembled at each of Miss Eastlake's entrances; but the impression finally left, by the madness scene more especially, was one of approval and respect. Mr. Wilson Barrett himself, as Hamlet, is fresh, natural, young, prepossessing, animated, coherent; the piece moves. All Hamlets whom I have seen dissatisfy us in something. Macready wanted person, Charles Kean mind, Fechter English; Mr. Wilson Barrett wants elocution. No ingenuity will ever enable us to follow the drama in 'Hamlet' as we follow the first part of 'Faust,' but we may be made to feel the noble poetry. Perhaps John Kemble, in spite of his limitations, was the best Hamlet after all. But

John Kemble is beyond reach of the memory of even An Old Playgoer.

### Current Criticism

THE LATE KARL HILLEBRAND:—If the historical sense of Karl Hillebrand rendered him rather unjust to a poetical and artistic school which will undoubtedly take its place in the history of English culture, it endowed him with a tolerance such as we rarely see. During the later years of his life, he was a Conservative, an enthusiastic admirer of Prince Bismarck, a man who even ventured to speak a word or two in favor of that much-maligned monarch Napoleon III. But his house and his heart were open to all sincere and honest men, to whatever party, to whatever country, to whatever religion they might belong. At times under the influence of nervous disease he may have become excited, and have spoken of the Republican leaders of France in a way that he himself would have grieved to hear repeated, though he firmly believed that what he said was the truth. But he never asked the struggling author, Are you Radical or Conservative, French or German? His only questions were, What can you do, and how can I help you? And the help he gave was neither slow nor stinted. It is fitting that those who knew him should remember that death never robbed the world of a more generous opponent or a truer friend. In Karl Hillebrand Germany has lost one of her most distinguished historians and, perhaps, her greatest essayist; his friends have suffered a greater and more irreparable loss.—*The Saturday Review*.

CROKER'S LITERARY ACTIVITY:—He had written leading articles, pamphlets, and political verses in abundance while he was a law student. A pamphlet in favor of Catholic emancipation won for him the compliments of Perceval, though he disagreed with its views; and a poem on 'The Battles of Talavera,' which ran through several editions, and of which Murray, the publisher, reported that 'it had been more successful than any short poem he knew,' was so 'entertaining' to the Duke of Wellington, who had known him some years before, that it made him more than ever the friend of the author. These, however, were but preliminary pastimes in literature. Croker's fame as a writer rests chiefly on his contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, with which he was regularly connected from 1811 till 1826, and again from 1831 till 1854. During those periods he generally wrote one article, and often three or four, for each number; and though most of them were on literary and general subjects, he also made them a channel for the expression of his political views. This brought him into connexion with Sir Walter Scott and his son-in-law Lockhart, with Southey, and all the other Tory writers of the day, while from the politicians of the same school he obtained information and guidance which added greatly to the value of his discussions of party questions, and led the way to his becoming in due time a tolerably influential guide and informant even of the accredited leaders of his party.—*The Athenæum*.

ELIZABETH PEABODY ON TENNYSON:—In 'The Lady of Shalott' there was, in the first edition, a passage describing the lady 'looking down to Camelot,' that was so wonderful in its effect on the imagination that my sister, Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, drew the figure and face, and the river ruffled by 'the east wind chilly,' in an outline *à la* Flaxman, which completely reproduced the effect of the beautiful lines; but when the second edition came out, *the lines were changed*, so that the design was without its archetype. I tried to make my sister send the sketch to Mr. Tennyson, as the best lesson to give him, for I thought *all* his alterations—but especially that one—mistakes. I remember I wrote him a note to go with the sketch, in which I spoke to him of the Dresden Madonna, which was one of those inspirations that so mastered the artist that he always believed the Madonna stood before him with the child—and so never dared to touch it again, lest his own shortcoming might put out the light of the original revelation that he embodied. . . . My sister was so modest I never could persuade her to send the sketch, and so my note did not go, and now both are lost.—*From Preface to Rolfe's 'Select Poems of Tennyson.'*

BAYARD TAYLOR:—Taylor was the sweetest and simplest of men, of undoubted talent, of many successes, of an enormous capacity of labor, a delightful companion, a world-wide traveller, a popular lecturer, of great skill in languages, and a remarkable master of German. He was a careful student of literature, and a man of great literary ambition who accomplished much. He died, after many honors, as Minister to Germany, not an old



man, but apparently suddenly, although not surprisingly, worn out. The progressive story of this life is admirably told in this book. But, upon the whole, it does not leave the impression of a happy life, notwithstanding the fortunate temperament and the apparent success. The reason as shown in the book is twofold—his lofty ambition as a poet, which was not gratified by the consciousness of adequate recognition, and the necessity of incessant literary drudgery with his pen.—*Harper's Weekly*.

WILL CARLETON IN ENGLAND:—If has been given to him to impart to American poetic literature something of the native color and vigor which has been wanting in the works of other American poets. Longfellow caught some of the local spirit in 'Hiawatha,' and Lowell has been peculiarly happy in the quaint touches of local character and humor which distinguish his 'Biglow Papers' from all other verse whatsoever. But the great bulk of American poetic literature bears the English impress, follows English lines of thought, and echoes English sentiment. Mr. Carleton's work does not present these leading features. His lyre is not of the loftiest, but his inspiration is essentially a home product.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

'THE BARBER' AT THE ACADEMY:—Music and words were never more happily wedded than in 'The Barber of Seville.' The libretto is a marvel of verbal dexterity, and the composer poured all the gayety of his soul into this carnival frolic. No Wagnerian enthusiast can claim for his master's works a closer harmony of sound and sense than is shown in this *jeu d'esprit*. So the first requisite of the opera is that it shall be acted in the lightest and merriest vein of comedy, and shall be sung as trippingly as a Neapolitan barcarolle. There is little room for any of the players to shine at the expense of the rest. All the parts are good, and the best numbers in the score are quite impartially distributed among them. Alnaviva and Rosina, Bartolo and Basilio, Figaro the perennial—who does not know every note of their music? Given a company drilled together and the piece runs as joyously in a small provincial theatre of Italy as in the largest theatre of New York. Mr. Mapleson's company, being a company of high order, did justice to the music.—*The New York Herald*.

### Notes

—MR. FRANCIS LATHROP, who decorated the interior of the Metropolitan Opera House last year, has just made a new cover for *Cassell's Family Magazine*. The design is quite as appropriate and even more striking than that which he drew for the ill-fated *Manhattan*, a few months before it expired. The new magazine was not killed by its cover, and there is no reason to doubt that the older one will gain in popularity by the change of dress to be made at the beginning of the year.

—Mrs. Annie Edwardes's new story in *Temple Bar* will be called 'A Girton Girl.'

—Harper & Bros. have in press 'George Eliot's Life as related in her Letters and Journals,' edited by Mr. J. W. Cross. Mr. Cross is said to have been successful in obtaining full particulars of his wife's early years, and he has so arranged her letters and journals that the work will be to all intents an autobiography. 'The story of the circumstances under which her famous pseudonym was adopted,' says *The Athenaeum*, 'and how the secret of her authorship was kept, and under what circumstances disclosed, is fully related in her letters, which also give interesting details regarding her domestic life and friendships. The book will be illustrated by several characteristic portraits of George Eliot, and by pictures of her various homes.'

—'Poe's Legendary Years' is the title of an article in the forthcoming *Atlantic* in which an attempt is made to clear up the mystery that overhangs certain periods in the poet's life.

—Two young ladies, better known in the world of society than in the world of letters, have translated and abridged Desbarrolles' book on palmistry, and Dick & Fitzgerald have published it. 'A. G. and N. G.,' whose initials appear on the title-page as the translators of this little volume, are excellent amateur palmists, and they have added ideas of their own to the book that enhance its interest. Palmistry is a fascinating parlor science and this book explains it with much simplicity.

—Ten thousand extra copies of the November *Century*, containing General Beauregard's article on Bull Run, were called for by the public, and of the December number, containing General Lew Wallace's paper on Fort Donelson—the second of the War Series—150,000 copies will be printed.

—*The Commercial Advertiser* begins to-day the publication a series of short stories by the best known American writers—W. D. Howells, 'H. H.,' Harriet Prescott Spofford, Julian Hawthorne, Frank Stockton, J. T. Trowbridge, Marion Harland and others. 'A Daring Fiction,' by H. H. Boyesen, is the first in the series, and the second will be 'Bill Shelby,' by J. S. of Dale—a tale of war-times in the mountains of East Tennessee. These stories will doubtless prove a very attractive feature of the paper.

—'Under the Stars and Stripes' is the title of a chapter in Edmund Yates's 'Memories of a Man of the World,' in which the editor of the London *World* gives an account of his lecture tour in this country in 1872. Harper & Bros. publish the book.

—On January 1 *The Christian Union* will be enlarged by an addition of eight pages and will become a 32-page paper, presenting a larger amount of reading matter than any other paper of its class in this country. All its departments will be strengthened by new and attractive writers and greatly broadened in scope. Its editorial and literary departments will receive special attention, and will contain contributions from the best writers on current, religious, social, political and literary themes.

—'How Should I Pronounce? or, The Art of Correct Pronunciation,' by W. H. P. Phyfe, is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons. This art is one of the most important and one of the least regarded. Let us hope that Mr. Phyfe will prove an authority.

—Some interesting Dickens items have come to light in London through a diary kept by Mr. Dudley Costello, sub-editor of the *Daily News* when Dickens was editor. They contain the directions given by Dickens from day to day as to the conduct of the paper. The subjects for leading articles are noted, and directions are given as to the persons by whom they are to be treated and the manner of treatment.

—New Orleans and Louisiana furnish references sufficient to fill the whole of Mr. Foster's *Monthly Lists* for October.

—Mr. E. P. Roe sends us from Cornwall on Hudson the following brief note:—You may have observed, at the beginning of a notice of my novel, in *The Literary World*, the following words: 'We understand that Mr. Roe's own estimate of his novels is privately expressed to his friends in about this language, "I don't think they amount to very much, but they seem to sell pretty well." I deny using any such language, and I have no friends who would tolerate me if I boasted of palming off for money what I regarded as comparatively worthless. I do not know what my books amount to. Time and the public will settle that question. I acknowledge the reviewer's perfect right to criticise my books with the utmost severity, and desire honest opinion above all things; but I think that reflections on an author and his friends have no place in a book-review.'

—The programme of the Star Series of recitations and illustrated lectures at Chickering Hall includes three Shakspearian readings by Samuel Brandram, in the evenings of Nov. 13, 17 and 20; three lectures describing the travels of Henry Ragan (Nov. 27, Dec. 1 and 4), three astronomical lectures by Richard A. Proctor (Dec. 8, 11 and 15), and a concert by the Hungarian band, assisted by vocalists, on Dec. 18. Season tickets are sold at Chickering Hall and Ditson's.

—On Tuesday last Mr. Barnard gave the first of his series of Tuesday afternoon lectures on the Art Industries at Chickering Hall. His subject was 'The Wood-Worker.'

—Scribner & Welford make the interesting announcement that they have ready for immediate publication the 'Croker Papers,' being the correspondence and diaries of the late Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker, Secretary to the Admiralty from 1809 to 1830, edited by Louis J. Jennings. This book, which is in three large volumes, is one of the most interesting as well as important publications of the year, and throws a new light upon many of the most distinguished people and popular questions of the time.

—W. S. K. sends this protest against a harsh new word:—The application of electricity to machine work of all kinds is likely to give rise to new words and terms. One such has already appeared—the word 'motorneer,' coined by George W. Mansfield, an assistant of Leo Daft. Mr. Mansfield writes me that he first used the word in 1883 during the trial of a Daft electric locomotive on the Saratoga, Mt. McGregor and Lake George Railroad. Now 'motorneer' is simply unendurable to the ear. But it has got into use, and its employment by writers is spreading fast. Some word is needed—a word that shall do for the electric locomotive or 'motor,' as it is called, what 'engineer' does for the wheeled steam-engine. Since 'motorneer' has crept into existence, the best thing to be done, it seems to

me, is to accept it and pare it down by cutting out one *r* and forming the compound after the analogy of Greek compound words, the first constituent of which is a noun; as logomachy, from *λογος* and *μαχη*; or *χοροδιδάσκαλος*, a chorus teacher, in both of which only the stem of the noun is used. So if we say *motoneer*, the word, although a mongrel, will not offend either the ear or offend the analogy of the language.

—Edwin Arnold has written a long poem for the Christmas number of *The Current*.

—In the Standard Library (Funk & Wagnalls) a selection of the Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy of Jean Paul Richter has been edited by Giles P. Hawley. The selections are arranged under various titles, which are supposed to give a clue to their character, and they are taken from all the better known of Richter's writings. His best sayings are included, and the most striking and celebrated passages from his books. The book might have been greatly improved by giving the source of each extract.

—F. H. Lungren is at work on a series of full-page ideal portraits of the 'Heroines of the English Poets,' to appear in *Wide Awake* during the coming year.

—'Stops, or How to Punctuate,' by Paul Allardyce, imported from T. Fisher Unwin by Thomas Whittaker, is an admirable little book of the kind. It is exact without being finical, and brief without being too compact to include excellent illustrations of its meaning. Best of all, it elucidates the fact that punctuation is a factor of literary style, the question of period or comma not being always one of sense, but sometimes one of taste. The book contains directions for correcting proof.

—Mr. Laurence Oliphant, who is settled for the time being at Haifa, has written a confession of faith under the title 'Sympneumata; or, Signs of Humanitary Evolution.'

—'Great Porter Square: a Mystery' is the title of B. L. Farjeon's new novel.

—The December *Popular Science Monthly* will contain an article, illustrated by a map and a diagram, on 'The Reformation in Time-keeping,' by William F. Allen, who was chiefly instrumental in arranging and introducing the present time-system.

—Of Henri Michaud's French plays for schools, Mr. William R. Jenkins, of 850 Sixth-Ave., sends us 'Le Roi d'Amérique' and 'Une Affaire Compliquée,' for boys, and 'La Somnambule' and 'Stella,' for girls. M. Michaud is an instructor in French at Lenox School, and would seem to be a very prolific writer, for in addition to the four one-act comedies mentioned above, he has in preparation nine others the names of which are announced, and as many more as the publisher's 'etc., etc.' implies. Mr. Jenkins is doing a good work in introducing, not only these, but other French plays of unexceptionable tone and even greater merit, to young American readers.

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 826.**—Kindly tell me (1) the address of the English *Tidbits*, (2) the meaning of the word 'book-plate,' (3) the name of any literary paper filling in England the place filled in this country by *The Critic*.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. D. CLAUSSEN.

[1. London. 2. 'A' label denoting ownership, or position in a library; usually placed upon the inside of the cover of a book' (Webster). 3. *The Athenaeum* and *The Academy*.]

**No. 827.**—Please give me the name of some good illustrated book from which I can select the plan of a residence.

CHICAGO, ILL.

E. R. D.

['Cottages,' by W. P. Gerhard (\$1), and 'Wooden and Brick Buildings' (\$2), both published by Wm. T. Comstock, New York.]

**No. 828.**—On re-reading the incomparable 'Pendennis' lately—I have a middle-aged friend who reads it over every year, for pure affection's sake,—I came across something familiar in name, but unexpected. In the account

of Warrington's and Pen's bachelors' quarters at The Temple (chapter XXVIII.), we read of the former's room, 'and a heap of books by the bedside, where he lay upon straw like *Margery Daw*, and smoked his pipe,' etc. What is the history of the earlier heroine of that name, before she 'phantomized' in Mr. Aldrich's delightful romance?

DENVER, COL.

C. B., JR.

**No. 829.**—The Rev. Mr. Winslow would confer a favor by giving me some further information about the contents of the Pithom Memoir, which has been 'shortly to appear' for sixteen months. Will it show when the Egyptians first called the East the West? Whether locusts driven from Ismailia by a 'mighty strong west wind' (Ex. X. 19) would ever fall into the Red Sea? Why the great Sesostria put the grain for his army in underground chambers, accessible only through a trap-door over which the Jewa lived? How it was kept from sprouting when the adjacent canal was a deep and broad body of running water? When the earthquake converted the lowest, richest, best watered and fattest province of Egypt into a high limestone plateau, and the pastures or brick-fields of mud into the Hill of Maskhuta? If the Society expended its \$3,000 for 'the poor (but honest) fragment of a limestone priest, a stone hawk and a squatting statue, with two equally poor (and honest?) scribbings of a Roman soldier,' what Fund pays for the Memoir? Is it to be printed out of subscriptions sent to Mr. Petrie (\$875) to hunt for Ptolemaic curios at Tanis Parva near the salt marshes of Menzahleh? Did Mr. R. S. Poole, in *The Academy* of July 21, 1882, use the word 'mess' in a prophetic sense, as applied to the pottage which the British Jacob, this 'supplanter' of ancient tradition, has cooked up out of Dr. Wilson's lentiles and decorated with Dr. Holmes's genuine guinea-hen's egg, but offers in vain to the American Esau?

NEW YORK CITY.

PI-TUM.

**No. 830.**—Can you direct me to any source of information in regard to the evils of the present divorce laws, and their ultimate effect upon society.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

F.

[Dr. Theodore D. Woolsey's 'Divorce and Divorce Legislation,' which refers especially to the United States. \$1.75. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.]

### ANSWERS.

**No. 790.**—We would be glad if E. W. W., of Staten Island, N. Y., would tell us if the first verse of 'On Picket Duty' is

'All quiet along the Potomac,' they say,  
'Except now and then a stray picket  
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,  
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.'

Who wrote 'All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night?' Lamar Fontaine claims it.

WINSTON, N. C.

WILLIAMSON & CORRIE.

**No. 790.**—'The Picket Guard,' or 'All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night,' as it is sometimes called, was written by my mother, Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers, in September, 1861, and appeared in *Harper's Weekly* early in November of that year, over the initials 'E. B.' It was one of her first poems, and was more widely copied (and claimed) than any of her subsequent ones; though 'Baby Looking Out for Me,' 'Which Shall It Be?' and other well-known ones, have had all sorts of queer claimants. In 1879 Porter & Coates published a collection of 'Ethel Lynn's' poems, under the title of 'All Quiet Along the Potomac' and Other Poems.

NEW YORK CITY.

C. E. BEERS.

**No. 822.**—1. Neither 'yours sincerely' nor 'yours truly' should be used at the end of a letter: they are tautological. If I am 'yours,' I am 'truly yours'; if I am 'yours,' I am 'sincerely yours.' I cannot be untruly 'yours,' nor insincerely 'yours.' Among the higher class in Great Britain 'faithfully yours' is the prevailing form. But 'yours' in this case is superfluous, as it is in the other cases cited. 'Your obedient servant' is a good valedictory to a business or formal epistle; 'cordially,' when you feel cordial and intimacy authorizes such warmth. 'But above all things lie not.' Do not tell a man that you respect him when you do nothing of the kind; as the 'Quakers' or 'Friends,' some of whom will not call a man 'Sir,' which means nothing, but will address a man of whom they know nothing, or perhaps know to be a scoundrel, as 'Respected friend.' I have known this phrase to be applied by a 'Friend' to a man whom he believed to be trying to cheat him. Such is the power of form, even when the effort is made to discard it.

NEW YORK CITY.

S. A. A.

**No. 822.**—2. William Morris is 'the idle singer of an empty day.' See his 'Apology' to 'The Earthly Paradise.'

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

S. P. E. B.

[The same reply is sent by J. A. H., A. W. R., T., M.S., and N. H. D.]

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